

# Memory Lane

## [Part One]

(A jangly version of Greensleeves goes past. Sounds of a snooker match on the television.)

COMMENTATOR: Ooo, and that's a bad miss.

COMMENTATOR 2: Oh, it's not good. You'd expect a player of his quality to knock that in easily. He probably knocks them in for fun in practice all day. Goes to show the pressure these players come under.

(A West Indies-born older woman speaks as the television bumbles on in the background.)

NAN: What you building, Tom?

(Tom's voice has broken some while ago, but he speaks like a little child.)

TOM: Spaceship.

NAN: Oh, do they do spaceship Lego?

TOM: Yeah. They've always had it. Ordinary Space Lego and Star Wars Lego.

NAN: They didn't have it when your mum was little.

TOM: Mum wouldn't have had it anyway. Space Lego isn't for girls. Girls like building hairdressers and flower shops, not rockets and satellites and all that good stuff. See, this is a ship for flying to Jupiter.

NAN: What about Mars? Don't you want to go to Mars?

TOM: I build a ship to go there last week. Jupiter's bigger, right? So you need a bigger ship.

(Applause on the television.)

COMMENTATOR: He doesn't play the percentages, this fella. If he sees the shot he takes it on.

COMMENTATOR 2: The crowd love it, Terry.

(The signal is lost.)

NAN: Tom, did you mess with the telly?

TOM: I didn't do anything.

KIM [on TV]: Okay, okay, keep going. The pressure suits

NAN: What's this, then?

KIM [on TV]: Look, haven't you got that open yet?

NAN: It's on every side. Is this an advert?

KIM [on TV]: What'd you mean, you can't do it?

TOM [on TV]: (a proper adult voice) I mean it's not possible. It's the same with the systems that open the bay doors. I can't flush it out.

KIM [on TV]: Isn't there an override?

TOM [on TV]: It's overridden the override.

KIM [on TV]: Can we still reach the escape berth?

TOM [on TV]: I don't know. The buggy hangar, perhaps. We could

(Nasty slobbering alien sounds, static, then the snooker returns.)

NAN: Oh, that was horrible.

TOM: That was brilliant! I want to see more.

NAN: Well, it's all gone now. Must have been a crossed wire with one of those Sky channels.

TOM: You should get Sky, Nan.

NAN: Not if it's like that.

TOM: I'm off our to ride my bike for a bit.

NAN: Well, I'm making your dinner in a minute, so don't be long.

TOM: I won't.

(Door closes. The Tardis materialises and the door opens.)

COMMENTATOR: At that angle you can see that he can't see much of it, but if he just clips it in.

CHARLEY: Glorious countryside, you said.

DOCTOR: Did I definitely say that?

CHARLEY + C'RIZZ: Yes.

DOCTOR: Well, maybe the

NAN: Do you mind, dear? You're blocking the television.

DOCTOR: Oh, I'm sorry.

NAN: Thank you. Only it's the last frame of the afternoon session, you see.

DOCTOR: What?

NAN: Snooker.

DOCTOR: Really. Who's playing?

NAN: O'Sullivan and Williams.

DOCTOR: Who's winning?  
NAN: It's still early days, but O'Sullivan is two frames up.  
DOCTOR: Good, good. I like a player who goes for the big breaks.  
CHARLEY: Yes, well, sorry for just appearing in your living room like this, Mrs?  
NAN: Braudy.  
CHARLEY: This is C'Rizz and the Doctor, and my name's Charley.  
C'RIZZ: Shall we try again?  
DOCTOR: Yes, let's leave Mrs Braudy to her afternoon's viewing.  
NAN: Don't hurry on my account. Stay and watch the end of the session, if you want. Would you like a cup of tea at all?  
DOCTOR: Oh well, if you're making one.  
NAN: I'll make one if you're having one.  
DOCTOR: That would be very nice, thank you.  
NAN: Lovely. I'll put the kettle on.  
(Soft footsteps pad away.)  
C'RIZZ: Don't we have tea in the Tardis?  
DOCTOR: You should never turn down tea when it's offered. It's impolite, and impoliteness is how wars start.  
CHARLEY: A war because somebody turned down tea? Has that ever actually happened ever?  
DOCTOR: On fourteen occasions I can think of.  
CHARLEY: Oh, right. When we get back in the Tardis, I'm going to ask you for documentary evidence for each of those.  
DOCTOR: Maybe it wasn't quite fourteen.  
NAN [OC]: Sugar?  
DOCTOR: Just milk.  
CHARLEY: Do you think she's quite all right, Doctor? She seems remarkably unphased by the Tardis. And C'Rizz, for that matter.  
C'RIZZ: The aged do often go insane.  
CHARLEY: I wouldn't say  
(The jangly Greensleeves can be heard again.)  
DOCTOR: Shh, shh, shh.  
C'RIZZ: What?  
DOCTOR: I think you probably lack the cultural references for a succinct explanation.  
C'RIZZ: Don't patronise me, Doctor.  
DOCTOR: Fine, I'll give you something important to do instead.  
C'RIZZ: Oh, what?  
DOCTOR: Tell our host I'll be back in a jiffy.  
CHARLEY: Where's he off to?  
NAN [OC]: It's just brewing.  
C'RIZZ: Er, we'll be back in a jiffy, apparently.  
NAN: Right you are.  
(Door opens and closes.)  
COMMENTATOR: And where's this cue ball going. (crowd groans) Another chance for Williams, then.

(Electric motor stops, chimes continue, a window is slid open. Tom and the Doctor speak over each other, then)

TOM: Excuse me, I was here first.  
DOCTOR: I'm sorry. You go.  
TOM: Can I get a Mister Whippy?  
LEST: With a flake?  
TOM: Yeah, course. Who'd have a Whippy without a flake?  
DOCTOR: Chocophobics?  
TOM: Imagine that, being afraid of chocolate. That'd be terrible.  
LEST: One pound forty.  
TOM: Thanks.  
DOCTOR: Do you  
LEST: Sorry, who are you? I've never seen you round here before.  
DOCTOR: No. Do you know Mrs Braudy?  
LEST: I've heard people talk about her.

DOCTOR: Yes, well, I just popped in to hers for a cup of tea.  
LEST: Oh. All right, what do you want?  
DOCTOR: Er, do you do Sky Rays?  
LEST: What's one of those?  
DOCTOR: A rocket-shaped fruit ice.  
LEST: We've got something like that. It sounds like what you said, but it's called a Zoom.  
DOCTOR: Yes, that'll do fine, although I don't think you get the trading cards with those ones.  
(The Patrick Troughton Doctor Who adventure cards, those will be. Footsteps.)  
DOCTOR: Er, what do you two want?  
C'RIZZ: Oh, what are you offering?  
DOCTOR: Items of frozen confectionery.  
C'RIZZ: No, thank you.  
CHARLEY: Me neither, Doctor. Don't you think there's something  
DOCTOR: Go on, have a Solero. They're creamy and refreshing.  
LEST: Sol what o?  
DOCTOR: Solero. Look, it says so on your window. What flavours are there?  
LEST: We've got Tropical and Redberry.  
DOCTOR: One of each, please. Are you new at this?  
LEST: No. Three pounds ten, please.  
DOCTOR: Thanks.  
(Jingle of coins, unwrapping the purchases, footsteps whilst slurping. The Ice Cream van drives away.)  
CHARLEY: Dreary street.  
DOCTOR: Why do you say that?  
CHARLEY: All the houses look the same.  
DOCTOR: Ha, ha, ha. Welcome to suburbia.  
CHARLEY: No, I mean they really do look identical. Gardens, curtain, look.  
C'RIZZ: (mouth full) Mmm, she's right.  
CHARLEY: C'Rizz, you're just meant to lick it, not shove it all in in one go. Oh, you're so parochial.  
DOCTOR: Nonsense. You're just not looking.  
CHARLEY: All right. You tell me which house is Mrs Braudy's.  
DOCTOR: That one. Other side of the road, seven doors down.  
CHARLEY: Sure?  
DOCTOR: Or maybe the one next to it. You're right. This *is* very strange.  
C'RIZZ: Are these streets usually this long?  
DOCTOR: What?  
C'RIZZ: I mean, you can't even see the end.  
CHARLEY: That's impossible.  
DOCTOR: You should be used to the impossible by now.  
CHARLEY: Yes, but I still like to point it out. It helps me keep track of things.  
C'RIZZ: So this isn't normal.  
DOCTOR: Not exactly. I think we should get back to the Tardis.  
C'RIZZ: Where is it, though?  
CHARLEY: One of those, that way.  
DOCTOR: That one.  
C'RIZZ: Or one of those.  
DOCTOR: Are you sure it wasn't the other way?  
CHARLEY: Er, no.  
DOCTOR: Let's try it.

(Doorbell.)

DOCTOR: Do your lolly sticks have jokes on them?  
CHARLEY: Why would they?  
DOCTOR: Mine does. What is the most ruthless thing in the bakery?  
C'RIZZ: What's a bakery?  
DOCTOR: Attila the bun. (laughs.) It's kind of funny if you knew him.  
(Doorbell. Door opens.)  
NAN: Oh, sorry. I was out in the yard.  
DOCTOR: Good, it's you. Could we collect the Police Box we left here?

NAN: A Police Box? I haven't seen one of them in years.  
CHARLEY: But we left one here just a minute ago.  
NAN: Where, dear?  
CHARLEY: Here, in your house. We talked to you, don't you remember?  
NAN: I've not seen anyone all day, except my grandson. I don't suppose you've seen him? He's meant to be coming back for his dinner about now.  
DOCTOR: We saw someone with the ice-cream van.  
NAN: He's not supposed to have another ice-cream until after dinner.  
C'RIZZ: And you're sure you haven't seen us?  
NAN: Are you sure you're not mixing me up with somebody else?  
DOCTOR: I'm starting to think we might have done.  
NAN: It's still very nice to meet you.  
DOCTOR: Mrs Braudy, I am the Doctor, and this is Charley and C'Rizz. May we see inside?  
NAN: I don't see why not.  
(The snooker is on the television.)  
CHARLEY: It's gone.  
C'RIZZ: Maybe she's lying?  
DOCTOR: She says she's never seen us. Not the most convincing lie. No, I think the Tardis was never here.  
CHARLEY: The houses are all the same on the outside. Perhaps they're all the same on the inside, too.  
C'RIZZ: With the same old lady living inside?  
DOCTOR: Perhaps. Mrs Braudy?  
NAN: Would you like a cup of tea?  
DOCTOR: No, we have to find our Police Box.  
NAN: Is it important?  
DOCTOR: It is, rather.  
NAN: Well, I was going to do some tidying up this afternoon. I'll let you know if it turns up.  
DOCTOR: Thank you, that's very kind. Do you know much about your neighbours?  
NAN: No, they keep themselves to themselves. It's not like when I was young.  
DOCTOR: No, never is, is it.  
NAN: You know, I remember when they had the Coronation  
DOCTOR: Sorry, we do have to be going. I don't mean to be rude.  
NAN: Right you are, dear.  
(Door closes.)

(Doorbell.)  
C'RIZZ: Wouldn't this be quicker if we split up?  
DOCTOR: Good plan. Charley, you go off in the other direction. C'Rizz, you could try the other side of the street.  
CHARLEY: Right.  
DOCTOR: First one to find the Tardis gets another ice lolly.  
CHARLEY: (sotto) Yeah, all right.  
(Footsteps. Door opens.)  
NAN: Hello?  
DOCTOR: Hello. I think I might have been in your living room earlier, left something behind. Do you mind if I have a look?  
NAN: I don't think so, but you're welcome to look around.  
DOCTOR: Thank you.  
(Door closes.)  
DOCTOR: Oh, thought not. Sorry to. What are you watching?  
NAN: Well, it's supposed to be snooker, but what this is I just don't know. Some space adventure programme, I tink. It's not my cup of tea really. Speaking of which, would you like a cup of tea?  
DOCTOR: Yes, please.  
TOM [on TV]: Wake up until some alien cracks the pod open and munches me down like a pepparami.  
KIM [on TV]: Have it your own way. Send me a postcard.

(Doorbell. Door opens.)

NAN: Hello?

C'RIZZ: Is there a tall blue box in your house?

NAN: Not that I know of, dear.

C'RIZZ: Fine. Never mind.

(Door closes.)

(Doorbell. Door opens.)

NAN: Yes?

CHARLEY: Hello. Have you seen me before?

NAN: I don't think so, dear.

CHARLEY: And there isn't a Police Box in your front room?

NAN: No.

CHARLEY: Thank you. You've been terribly helpful.

NAN: Don't mention it.

(Door closes.)

(Footsteps. Doorbell. Door opens.)

C'RIZZ: Blue box?

NAN: Pardon, dear?

C'RIZZ: Blue box. Tall one.

NAN: I'm afraid I'm not sure what you mean.

C'RIZZ: No good, then. Forget it.

(Walks away, door closes.)

KIM [on TV]: We're way past Jupiter. We should have come around ages ago. How long have we been out of it?

NAN: Are you enjoying your programme?

DOCTOR: It's certainly very interesting. You really don't know what it is?

NAN: I don't follow dis sort of ting. Would you like another tea?

DOCTOR: I wouldn't mind, actually.

NAN: Pass me your cup and saucer.

DOCTOR: No, no, I'll take them through myself.

(Footsteps into the kitchen.)

DOCTOR: What's out the back?

NAN: I've only got a small yard. Why?

DOCTOR: Just curious. Excuse me.

(Door opens. Footsteps outside.)

DOCTOR: And what's over this wall?

NAN: It backs right onto the yards on the next street.

(Sound of effort.)

NAN: Oh, you gave me such a fright then, dear.

DOCTOR: My apologies.

(Footsteps outside, door closes.)

NAN: Sorry, I heard you say something when you were outside, but I didn't quite catch it. Were you talking to me?

DOCTOR: Yes, but it wasn't important.

TOM [on TV]: Under pressure. So are you. That's why you've been having a go at me so much. It's a coping mechanism.

KIM [on TV]: Oh, is it? Then allow me to cope some more.

(Doorbell.)

TOM [on TV]: We can't launch. We're not prepared. We're not kitted out for it.

KIM [on TV]: We're not kitted out to stay here either, and we're not kitted out to go out and get any more kit, okay?

(Door opens.)

NAN: Yes?

C'RIZZ: Have you seen a blue

GIRL: Is it Tom?

NAN: No, it's another fella.

TOM [on TV]: Well then, I'm not going home.  
WOMAN: Who are you?  
C'RIZZ: Who are you?  
NAN: She's off the telly.  
WOMAN: I don't think he'll be interested in that.  
C'RIZZ: Telly?  
NAN: Yes. Come and have a look.  
(Door closes.)  
NAN: There, look.  
KIM [on TV]: How long have we been out of it?  
TOM [on TV]: Must be, oh no.  
NAN: It's very exciting to meet you. Have you done anything else I might have seen?  
WOMAN: Er, no, I don't think I have.  
NAN: Have you ever done Stars In Their Eyes? Have you seen her in anything?  
C'RIZZ: Er, no. That's why I asked who she was when I saw her.  
NAN: Oh yes, so you did.  
C'RIZZ: She still hasn't answered.  
WOMAN: I asked first.  
C'RIZZ: No, you. Oh no, you're right. You did.  
NAN: Would you like some biscuits? Yes, I'll get us all some biscuits.  
C'RIZZ: So  
WOMAN: Don't move.  
C'RIZZ: Why not?  
WOMAN: Because I'm pointing a gun at you.  
C'RIZZ: Is that a gun?  
WOMAN: Yes, it is. Now tell me how I can get Tom Brandy out of here.  
C'RIZZ: Who?  
WOMAN: You heard me.  
C'RIZZ: Yes, I did hear you. I don't know who he is, though.  
WOMAN: I'm giving you one chance.  
C'RIZZ: On top of the chance you just gave me.  
WOMAN: Actually, no. That was your only chance.  
(Energy weapon fires. C'Rizz cried out in pain, then a thud.)  
NAN: I've got custard creams, Blue Ribands and. Oh, is he all right?  
WOMAN: I don't know. He just fainted all of a sudden. Don't fret. I'll take him home.  
NAN: Can you manage him on your own?  
WOMAN: Yep. This little thingummyjig will be able to lift him up easily.  
(Hum of device.)  
WOMAN: See?  
NAN: Oh, that's clever. Where did you get it?  
WOMAN: There was an ad in the paper. I sent off for it.  
NAN: It's amazing what they can do nowadays.  
WOMAN: It really is, isn't it.

(Doorbell.)

TOM [on TV]: Disappointed with himself. At least he's managed to

(Door opens.)

TOM: Hello.

CHARLEY: Oh, hello. Do you live here?

TOM: Nah. This is me Nan's house.

CHARLEY: Oh. Well, you might still be able to help. Have you seen a blue box?

TOM: No. Maybe you should ask Nan. You want to come in?

CHARLEY: Yeah, all right.

(Door closes. Door opens.)

NAN: Hello? Are you a friend of Tom's?

CHARLEY: You're Tom's grandmother?

NAN: Yes.

CHARLEY: But you can't. I'm sorry, it's just you don't look old enough.

NAN: Oh, sweet of you to say so.

CHARLEY: If you don't mind my asking, how old are you?

NAN: Sixty six.  
CHARLEY: And how old is Tom?  
NAN: Ten.  
TOM: Ten and a half.  
CHARLEY: Right.  
NAN: Is everything all right? You look a bit confused.  
CHARLEY: Er, no. No, it's fine. Have you, have you seen a tall blue box, a Police Box?  
NAN: Oh, I haven't seen one of those  
CHARLEY: In years. No, I thought not.  
(The snooker is on the television.)  
NAN: Would you like to stay to dinner?  
CHARLEY: Hmm? Oh, I am rather famished, actually. What are you making?  
NAN: Fish fingers, chips and peas. I'll go and put some extra on.  
CHARLEY: And what are you making?  
TOM: A spaceship, to go to Jupiter.  
CHARLEY: Why Jupiter?  
TOM: Because we've never been there.  
(Doorbell.)  
NAN: I'll get it.  
CHARLEY: Tom, you don't look ten and a half.  
TOM: I know. That's because I'm very mature for me age.  
(Door opens.)  
DOCTOR: Hello, I was wondering if you had seen  
CHARLEY: Doctor!  
DOCTOR: Charley.  
NAN: Oh, are you a friend of Charley's? Come in.  
DOCTOR: I thought you were on the other side of the street.  
CHARLEY: I thought you were on the other side of the street.  
(Door closes.)  
DOCTOR: This is quite exasperating, isn't it? I think the ice-cream van's outside. Maybe I should  
TOM: All right?  
DOCTOR: Who's your friend?  
CHARLEY: Why?  
DOCTOR: He was in front of me at the ice-cream van, and I've just seen him on TV.  
CHARLEY: You were watching television whilst I was out looking for the Tardis.

LEST: What is it?  
NAN: It's a Police Box, dear.  
LEST: I can see that. It says so across the top. What's it for? What does it do?  
NAN: I suppose they would have had it before your time. They used to have them on the street, and you could them to get in touch with the police. Of course, that was back when there were a lot more policemen on de beat. You wouldn't recognise this country. If you could see  
LEST: How did it get here?  
NAN: It just appeared.  
LEST: Appeared?  
NAN: Yes. Are you sure you won't have a cup of tea?  
LEST: A hundred percent confident, yes. Does this have anything to do with the new arrivals?  
NAN: What new arrivals?  
LEST: New people, wandering about the place.  
NAN: What do they look like? There were three people came out the Police Box, if that is what you mean.  
LEST: Yes.  
NAN: I tink it belongs to them.  
LEST: Well, it can't stay here.  
NAN: Why not?  
LEST: It's in the way.  
NAN: It's not in *my* way.  
LEST: I'll load it onto the back of the van.

NAN: Your ice-cream van? Are you sure it'll fit?

LEST: Oh, yes. The van's very versatile.

(Slapping skin. C'Rizz groans.)

WOMAN: They make these things with a stun setting, but nobody ever thinks to include a wake-up setting, do they?

C'RIZZ: Oh, where am I?

WOMAN: You're on my ship. Please don't throw up in it. It's brand new.

C'RIZZ: Oh, right. And who are you? Did you put these cuffs on me?

KIM: My name's Kim Kronotska, and I'm a Commander in the Commonwealth Space Programme.

C'RIZZ: That doesn't really mean anything to me.

KIM: It doesn't really mean much to anybody nowadays except me. A lot of British money spent on firing off rockets in the middle of the outback is what it adds up to. But I got a career out of it, so who cares.

C'RIZZ: British? Are we still on Earth?

KIM: What? We never were on Earth, and you know it. You've probably never been to Earth in your life.

C'RIZZ: Actually, you're wrong.

KIM: Well, put me right, then. Tell me how to get Tom out of there.

C'RIZZ: I don't know how to get him out of there.

KIM: Well, that's your problem, because if you don't tell me, I will kill you.

(The snooker is on the television.)

TOM: And this bit comes off, and goes down to planets to probe them and stuff.

CHARLEY: It looks super, Tom. It's good stuff, this Lego, isn't it? I wish I'd had some when I was small. What do you think, Doctor?

DOCTOR: It's absolutely superb. Clearly your Lego skills are highly advanced.

TOM: Thanks.

DOCTOR: I think you should add a second probe on the other side.

TOM: Why?

DOCTOR: It's a good rule to follow, that's all. The secret of good Lego building is to do it symmetrically.

TOM: Yeah, good idea.

DOCTOR: Happy to help. You know, I think I will go and get that ice-cream if he's still there.

TOM: Can you get me one?

DOCTOR: Of course.

NAN [OC]: Don't let him spoil his dinner.

DOCTOR: I won't. How about you, Charley?

CHARLEY: Oh, no thanks. I could murder a jam sandwich though.

(Van door slams, drives away.)

DOCTOR: Oh, now he's off! Maybe I can still catch him.

(Runs. Greensleeves fades away. After a pause, door opens.)

DOCTOR: (breathless) I couldn't catch it. (door closes) It just vanished into the distance.

CHARLEY: Well, never mind. I'm sure it'll come round again. Oh, don't look so depressed, Doctor. You've only missed out on an ice-cream. Why don't you ask Mrs Brady for a biscuit or something.

DOCTOR: Charley, the van had the Tardis strapped to its roof.

CHARLEY: What?

DOCTOR: The Tardis has been stolen by an ice-cream man?

## [Part Two]

KIM: Well?

C'RIZZ: I'm not afraid of dying.

KIM: Not being afraid of dying and not wanting to die aren't the same thing. Are you brave, or just tired of life? Don't bother trying to break the cuffs, they're made of bonded polycarbide.

(Tinkle of lots of small pieces of metal.)

KIM: Oh.

(Thumps and a struggle.)



C'RIZZ: Let go of the gun. Let go of the gun or I'll break your wrist. Thank you.  
KIM: (in pain) Either you're stronger than you look or I should get a refund on those cuffs.  
C'RIZZ: Show me how the gun works.  
KIM: Why should I?  
C'RIZZ: Because if you don't, I start pressing buttons until something happens, and that something might be you dying.  
KIM: Oh, good point. You enable it by tripping a switch on the side, and adjust the intensity by tracing your finger round that dial on the top.  
C'RIZZ: This switch?  
KIM: No, that's the safety catch.  
C'RIZZ: How do I know when it's working?  
KIM: The dial lights up and it plays Greensleeves. Look, it might make things easier if you took your hand off my throat.  
C'RIZZ: If I took my hand off your throat, you might try to get your weapon back, and I don't think that would make things easier. It still isn't working.  
KIM: You're pressing too hard. Stroke your finger across it.  
(Burple, beep, tinny Greensleeves.)  
C'RIZZ: All right. Now, I'm going to take my weight off you, If you move, or try to move, I'll fire.  
KIM: Thanks.  
C'RIZZ: Now, where are we?  
KIM: What have you set the weapon on?  
C'RIZZ: I'm not telling you.  
KIM: Don't you think it'd be more of a credible threat if you did?  
C'RIZZ: Why are you stalling?  
KIM: To claw back some control over the situation and hopefully regain some dignity.  
C'RIZZ: What for? You could be dead in a minute.  
KIM: Have you never heard of dying with dignity?  
C'RIZZ: There'll be no need for me to kill you if you tell me where we are.  
KIM: You really don't know?  
C'RIZZ: I'm (pause) here by accident.  
KIM: Honestly? I don't know what the planet's called. Are you sure you're not one of them?  
C'RIZZ: Do I look like one of them?  
KIM: Not exactly. I've seen them change form, and you keep changing colour. I was getting desperate. I've been hiding my ship up here for three months now.  
C'RIZZ: Where?  
KIM: In the attic.  
C'RIZZ: Mrs Braudy's attic?  
KIM: Mmm hmm.  
C'RIZZ: This whole ship is in the old woman's attic? Well, how can it fit?  
KIM: This place isn't made out of ordinary matter. It can reshape itself. When I tried to warp jump my ship out of here, I ended up in the attic by mistake. I expected the whole building to split apart, but it just stretched to accommodate it.  
C'RIZZ: You were trying to get out and you ended up here?  
KIM: Yep. Try to get out and it bounces you straight back in. That's the nature of it. It's a prison cell.  
C'RIZZ: The attic?  
KIM: No, no, the whole street.  
C'RIZZ: Prison? Then where's the prisoner?  
KIM: Did you see any of the stuff I've been broadcasting into the TV in the house?  
C'RIZZ: No.  
KIM: (sighs) Computer, show monitor. Run from beginning.

TOM [on TV]: Yeah, but heading back isn't really going to be heading back, is it? I mean, we can't ever go back, can we. Not really.  
KIM [on TV]: Well then, what else  
TOM: Charley, can you see a radar dish in those bits?  
CHARLEY: Er, like this?  
TOM :No, a grey one, to match the one on the other side. The secret of good Lego building is to do it symmetrically.  
CHARLEY: How about this?

TOM :Yeah. Thanks.

CHARLEY: What are we going to do, Doctor, about getting the Tardis back?

DOCTOR: The ice-cream van. I meant it literally when I said it vanished into the distance. It didn't just drive away out of sight, it reached a certain point and then just faded away.

NAN: Do you want water or squash with your dinner, Charley?

CHARLEY: Just water, please. Oh no, actually, squash. It disappeared?

DOCTOR: Yes. The ice-cream van is the way in and out of this place.

CHARLEY: So if it comes around again, we might have a chance.

DOCTOR: Yes. Until then

TOM: Charley, look. These are my astronauts. The red one's me, the blue one is Samuel, and the yellow one is Kim.

CHARLEY: Oh, is Kim a boy or a girl?

TOM: I dunno.

CHARLEY: Well, you must have heard the name somewhere before.

TOM :Nah. Just made it up.

CHARLEY: Or maybe it can be a girl or boy's name, like my name, Charley.

TOM :It can't be a girl, anyway. Girls aren't astronauts.

DOCTOR: Charley, did he just say Samuel?

CHARLEY: Yes, why?

KIM [on TV]: Samuel's dead.

TOM [on TV]: He can't be!

KIM [on TV]: That thing ripped him in half. Not top and bottom half, right down the middle. He's dead!

TOM [on TV]: What are we going to do?

KIM [on TV]: Can you sort the cockpit damage?

TOM [on TV]: We've lost all pressure in there. A quick fix with what we've got won't hold.

KIM [on TV]: So what are you saying?

TOM [on TV]: The ship's a write-off.

CHARLEY: Where are these pictures coming from?

DOCTOR: Well, at first I thought Tom there was an actor, but then I realised that this isn't just a science fiction programme.

CHARLEY: Programme?

DOCTOR: I mean a drama, like a film.

CHARLEY: Right. Sorry, I haven't had much chance to become acquainted with television.

DOCTOR: But this isn't drama, it's footage of something that really happened.

CHARLEY: How can you tell?

DOCTOR: Well, the ship they're in is an ion jet rocket of the twenty first century. It'll come into use about thirty five years from now.

CHARLEY: Maybe the people who made it were really accurate about what spaceships would look like.

DOCTOR: I didn't discount that until I saw that.

CHARLEY: What is it?

DOCTOR: The Marmadon.

CHARLEY: Marmadon?

DOCTOR: Foul creatures. They live in deep space. That's what killed one of the crew.

CHARLEY: Right. And if it lives in deep space, then no one on Earth should ever have seen one.

DOCTOR: Well, that and it looks too good to be CGI. I mean, look at it. The skin texturing is much too subtle.

CHARLEY: And your theory is?

DOCTOR: To me this looks like black box footage.

CHARLEY: Dare I ask. Black box?

DOCTOR: Recorded during flight so that in the event of a disaster, you can work out afterwards what went wrong.

CHARLEY: So these pictures have come back in time to prevent the disaster before it happens, perhaps.

DOCTOR: Maybe. Maybe. I've seen this bit already. They're trying to get to the escape pods. The footage seems to be on a loop.

CHARLEY: That thing does look nasty.

DOCTOR: Don't worry, they make it in time. Too late for poor old Samuel, though.

CHARLEY: Tell me the whole story.

DOCTOR: Right, the crew went into cryogenic sleep for a mission to Jupiter. There was a systems failure, the ship drifted off course and they didn't wake up.

CHARLEY: Rotten luck.

DOCTOR: More than a hundred years later, the Marmadon broke in to loot the place, then they woke up.

CHARLEY: That's not what you want to see first thing in the morning.

TOM [on TV]: I can't do it at all.

KIM [on TV]: What do you mean, you can't do it?

TOM [on TV]: I mean it's not possible.

ARGOT [OC]: Describe it to me again.

LEST: A sort of tall blue box.

ARGOT [OC]: Remind me, Lest. Why do you feel it's significant?

LEST: I don't think it's ever been there before. And there are creatures in there I've never seen either.

ARGOT [OC]: Creatures?

LEST: Like the captive.

ARGOT [OC]: The cell projects creatures like the captive all the time.

LEST: I know.

ARGOT [OC]: I thought you might have forgotten.

LEST: I hadn't. But usually the captive is surrounded by the same people. I don't think I've ever seen these before.

ARGOT [OC]: Lest, I seem to recall that you said something similar quite recently, and we found no evidence of any intrusion.

LEST: I still don't think I'm wrong about that. And I'm almost certain I'm not wrong about this.

ARGOT [OC]: Very well. I've some matters to attend to here.

LEST: Where are you?

ARGOT [OC]: I'm with our accountant. We'll deal with your problem when I get back.

LEST: You don't trust me to do anything properly, do you, Argot?

ARGOT [OC]: Not really, no.

TOM [on TV]: Well, then I'm not going home.

KIM [on TV]: The odds are that you'll die out there.

TOM [on TV]: Well, I'd rather that than drift on and on and on for ever, and never wake up until some alien cracks the pod open and munches me down like a pepperami.

KIM [on TV]: Have it your own way. Send me a postcard.

(Clang.)

TOM [on TV]: (screaming engines) This is a warning to anyone who can pick it up. I can't do anything about this. I'm sorry, but I'm about to crash into what looks like a populated area. If anyone gets killed, I'm really, really sorry, and I hope you can understand what I'm saying.

(And back to the snooker.)

COMMENTATOR: Oh, and that's a bad miss.

COMMENTATOR 2: Oh, it's not good. You'd expect a player

CHARLEY: Is that all of it?

DOCTOR: I think so.

CHARLEY: So they abandoned ship. She went to Earth, which by then was light years away, and he crashed on another planet.

DOCTOR: So why is he at his grandmother's house, playing with Lego and acting as if he's ten years old?

CHARLEY: Ten and a half, apparently. And I was going to ask you that.

DOCTOR: Your guess is as good as mine. Actually, my guess is probably better than yours, but regardless, I don't know.

NAN: Charley? Tom? Your dinner's ready.

TOM + CHARLEY: Coming!

CHARLEY: Why doesn't she seem to realise that her grandson's on TV?

DOCTOR: She sees Tom as ten and a half years old. She doesn't recognise the man on the screen. Keep talking to Tom. I'm going to find C'Rizz and let him know about the Tardis.

CHARLEY: Right

DOCTOR: And listen out for the ice-cream van.

(Door opens and closes.)

TOM: That's my chair.

CHARLEY: Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know.

COMMENTATOR 2: He sees the shot, he takes it on. The crowd love him, Terry. He's one of the game's true mavericks.

TOM [on monitor]: And munches me down like a pepperami.

KIM [on monitor]: Have it your own way. Send me a postcard.

C'RIZZ: Did you ever get back?

KIM: Oh, eventually. Two hundred and twenty seven years after I left. Of course, they'd assumed that we were all long dead, so it was a big deal when I turned up. They asked me loads of questions, did studies. I did talk shows, game shows, wrote a memoir, had a bit of a pop career.

C'RIZZ: Sounds like you had a good life.

KIM: No way. It was the hardest time I've ever had. I had to understand everything about the world all over again, and nobody else understood what it was like. I couldn't get people to treat me normally. Then I realised that the ships they were making were so much faster than my journey, which had taken a hundred years, the new ships could do in a few months. I thought maybe the best thing I could do was to come out here and find Tom, and I tracked his pod to this place. The distress signal was still going, broadcasting the last minute or so of his pod's black box, so I knew he'd crashed. So I came down to look, and now I'm as stuck as him.

C'RIZZ: In the attic.

KIM: Yeah. I tried to warp jump as close to Tom as possible, and now that I'm in here, the ship won't navigate properly any more.

C'RIZZ: What makes you think this place is a prison?

KIM: I've seen his jailers. Fortunately, they haven't seen me. The cell is all built around Tom and his memories, like a virtual space, but way more complicated. It's like quasi-real or something. He thinks he's a kid. He hasn't aged, either. He must have been here for decades. And he doesn't recognise me. I've been trying to jog his memory, swamping his TV with the old mission footage and footage of his crash.

C'RIZZ: Isn't that a bit round-about? I mean, why didn't you just bring him up here into the ship?

KIM: I tried, more than once. Every time I brought him into the airlock, he just couldn't go inside, even if he was unconscious. Something held him back. I think it's because the ship's not part of the little world he's created. Also I came up with the TV idea because it means I don't have to stay out there long.

C'RIZZ: Why not?

KIM: There's this stuff in the air. You can't see it, but it gets inside your head and tries to trap you, like Tom. It almost got me the first time.

C'RIZZ: Oh, no.

KIM: Don't worry, we've got medical defences against that in the ship.

C'RIZZ: But Charley and the Doctor. I came here with them. They're out there.

KIM: Oh, God. How long?

C'RIZZ: A few hours? I don't know.

KIM: Okay, let's get out there. Can I have my gun back?

C'RIZZ: No.

KIM: Oh, come on. Not even after all that soul-bearing stuff?

C'RIZZ: Just open the door.

NAN: Was that all right for you?

CHARLEY: Mmm, scrumptious.

NAN: There's an extra fish finger in the pan if you've room for it.

TOM: I wanted that.

NAN: I'll cut it in half then.

(Telephone rings.)

NAN: Who could that be?

TOM: Fish fingers and chips is my favourite.

CHARLEY: Is it? I think mine's roast pork, with all the trimmings.

NAN: Hello?

TOM: Yeah, that's good too. Especially apple sauce.

CHARLEY: Mmm.

NAN: Charley? It's your mother on de phone.  
CHARLEY: What?  
NAN: Your mother, on de phone.  
CHARLEY: It can't be.  
NAN: That's who she said she is. She says you've to come home. Shall I tell her you'll be home soon?  
CHARLEY: Er, I suppose so.  
NAN: Yes, she'll be home soon. Right. (phone down) She'll be waiting for you at the gate, she says.  
CHARLEY: You'll think me awfully silly but, I can't quite remember my way home.  
NAN: Isn't the big house at the end of the street yours?  
CHARLEY: End of the street?  
NAN: Yes.  
(Opens door.)  
NAN: That one there. Is that not it?  
CHARLEY: Oh, so it is. Well, thank you for having me, Mrs Braudy.  
NAN: It's no trouble. It's nice for Tom to have some friends his own age.  
CHARLEY: Goodbye.  
(Door closes. Charley hums as she walks along the street.)

LOUISA: Lottie!  
CHARLEY: Coming, Mama.  
(Runs.)  
LOUISA: Lottie, it isn't dignified for a lady to run. You'll have to learn that one of these days.  
CHARLEY: Oh but Mama, the faster you go, the more time you have to have fun when you get there.  
LOUISA: It's better to travel hopefully than to arrive. Do you know who said that?  
CHARLEY: No.  
LOUISA: Well, that's something for you to do this evening. Find that quotation.  
CHARLEY: Oh, I don't care who said it. They were wrong. And anyhow, I want to play outside this evening.  
LOUISA: You've played outside enough today. Goodness, you've been gone for hours.  
CHARLEY: It does feel as if I've been gone for a long time. I've done lots and lots.  
LOUISA: Tell me about it, then. What have you been doing?  
CHARLEY: Oh, I can't remember much now. Well, I was playing at Tom's just now. His toys are really good, Mama. We were making airships.  
LOUISA: I don't think you should go there any more.  
CHARLEY: Oh.  
LOUISA: There'll be time to play with boys when you're older.  
CHARLEY: Oh, but they play better games.  
LOUISA: Yes, that's what they'll tell you when you're older. And anyway, nice as he may be, he's simply not our class. Why are you still standing outside the gate, child? Don't you want to come inside?  
CHARLEY: Oh yes. Yes, of course.  
(Gate opens and closes.)  
LOUISA: That's better.  
CHARLEY: Oh, I've missed you, Mama. I'm sorry I was gone so long. I lost track of time.  
LOUISA: Yes, well, I suppose that can happen.

(Door opens, footsteps, door closes.)  
KIM: Hang on, I've got to tie my string to the gate.  
C'RIZZ: Why?  
KIM: So I know which house my ship's in.  
C'RIZZ: Oh. We should probably have done that.  
KIM: Can you see your friends?  
C'RIZZ: Ah, that's Charley at the gate to the big house.  
KIM: There isn't a big house. Where did that come from?  
C'RIZZ: Charley!  
KIM: When it happened to me, I started thinking I was back in a house I shared when I was a student. The only way to snap out of it is for your brain to latch onto something from outside that

frame of reference.

C'RIZZ: Then how did you escape?

KIM: I had my iPod on. Charley?

(Gate squeaks.)

CHARLEY: What? Who are you?

LOUISA: I don't care who they are, they've no business barging on to our property like this.

C'RIZZ: Never mind her. Do you remember me?

CHARLEY: No. Oh, C'Rizz. What's my parent's house doing here? Mama, I (coughs)

LOUISA: Lottie, what have you been eating?

C'RIZZ: Oh, what is that?

KIM: It's the stuff I was talking about. You can't see it but it's all around, getting inside your head.

C'RIZZ: It's rather more visible on the way out.

CHARLEY: Oh, it actually doesn't taste that bad.

KIM: No, it doesn't, does it.

LOUISA: Would you two kindly leave. We don't wish to buy any pegs, and you cannot camp on our land

C'RIZZ: Charley, this isn't really your mother. It's an illusion.

CHARLEY: Well, obviously. It always is.

LOUISA: Very well, you've been warned. I'm calling the police.

(Footsteps recede, door opens and closes. The Doctor is coughing.)

C'RIZZ: Doctor, are you all right?

DOCTOR: No, no I'm not, as it happens. I've just had a mouthful of tea go down the wrong way.

KIM: This is the Doctor?

DOCTOR: I say, this is a nice house, if somewhat incongruous in the middle of a 1930s terrace.

CHARLEY: It's my home.

DOCTOR: Is it really? How bizarre. C'Rizz, bad news. The Tardis got stolen.

C'RIZZ: Doctor, it's not safe out here.

KIM: No, it isn't. We should go to my ship.

DOCTOR: *Your* ship? I know you.

KIM: Do you?

DOCTOR: Yes, I've seen you on telly.

KIM [on TV]: Tear, but I think it's patched itself up. Jesus, haven't you got that open yet? Can't you do it any faster?

TOM [on TV]: I can't do it at all.

KIM [on TV]: What'd you mean, you can't do it?

TOM [on TV]: I mean it's not possible. It was the main systems that opened the bay doors, I can't flush it out.

KIM [on TV]: Isn't there an override?

TOM on TV]: It's overridden the

NAN: You must nearly be finished that spaceship by now, Tom.

TOM: It was finished, but on the final round of tests, they discovered a fault in the auxiliary engines. It's all been set back a week while they run further diagnostics.

NAN: You've such a vivid imagination.

TOM: I didn't imagine it. This all happened for real.

KIM [on TV]: We're not kitted out to stay here either, and we're not kitted out to go out and get any more kit, okay?

(Airlock door opens.)

DOCTOR: Nice ship she's got here.

C'RIZZ: I suppose so. Er, where is she? And Charley, for that matter.

DOCTOR: I needed a few minutes up here alone, so I asked Charley to stall her. Hopefully making tea.

C'RIZZ: You're not alone. I'm here.

DOCTOR: You know what I meant. I wanted to look around without her asking a lot of annoying questions.

C'RIZZ: Isn't that what I'm for? Joke.

DOCTOR: Hmm. You owe me an apology.

C'RIZZ: What for?

DOCTOR: When we landed? We were meant to be on Lucentra, and you two moaned, oh no, useless Doctor's brought us to Earth again.

C'RIZZ: Oh, I suppose so.

DOCTOR: Suppose? This *is* Lucentra, where I was trying to get to.

C'RIZZ: How do you know?

DOCTOR: Two things. First, Kim's flight log seems to indicate it. Second, I examined that stuff Charley coughed up.

C'RIZZ: Urgh.

DOCTOR: I didn't touch it. The technology's based on nano-forms, tiny limited intelligence creatures with specific roles hardwired in.

C'RIZZ: And Lucentra is the only place in this entire universe that uses them?

DOCTOR: Far from it. But you can tell where a nano-form comes from. It'll have been made in its creator's image. I don't know much about Lucentrans, but I can recognise one.

C'RIZZ: So you think Kim's story makes sense? About the prison cell?

DOCTOR: She's absolutely right. I've seen similar technology before.

C'RIZZ: Really?

DOCTOR: It's controversial. The prisoner doesn't know he's a prisoner. He regresses to a safe, happy time in his life, where he's docile.

C'RIZZ: Isn't that more humane than just locking people up in a tiny cell?

DOCTOR: Actually, it's morally wrong to take away a person's self-knowledge. This battery's dead.

C'RIZZ: What are you putting together?

DOCTOR: Nothing very clever. These are portable sound file players.

C'RIZZ: Oh, Kim calls it an iPod.

DOCTOR: (laughs) Showing her age. These models transmit directly into your ear canals. All I'm doing is programming them.

C'RIZZ: What with?

DOCTOR: Just a mix of outside sources, keep our minds on the move. I should ask if she has any portable comms equipment.

C'RIZZ: What do you make of Kim?

DOCTOR: I haven't really formed an opinion yet. You?

C'RIZZ: Hmm. Judgmental and selfish. Coming all this way to save Tom isn't a noble gesture. Her world's changed too much while she's been gone and she hasn't coped very well.

DOCTOR: Oh really?

C'RIZZ: Well, Tom's her only link to her own time. She thinks he'll be able to help her.

KIM [OC]: You really think so?

CHARLEY [OC]: Oh, yes.

DOCTOR: Here's a thought. Let's not mention that the Tardis is a time machine.

C'RIZZ: Oh.

CHARLEY: Doctor, Kim was just telling me how she was asleep for hundreds of years. Well, I just said that because the Tardis is a time machine, we could use it to take her back to the twenty first century.

KIM: And I wouldn't be an anachronistic freak any more.

CHARLEY: Isn't that wonderful?

DOCTOR: Charley.

CHARLEY: Oh. Have I put my foot in it?

KIM: What, can't you take me back?

DOCTOR: It's complicated. I have to take things like that on a case by case basis.

KIM: Oh, who are you, the Home Office?

DOCTOR: It's academic anyway, until we find the Tardis.

C'RIZZ: And where do you think it is?

DOCTOR: As we're in a prison cell, I assume that Tom's captors were the ones who took it away, and that they still have it.

CHARLEY: So the ice-cream man is actually a prison warden on patrol?

KIM: They never came in looking for *my* ship.

DOCTOR: Probably because you didn't immediately alert the guard to your presence by trying to buy an ice-cream from him.

C'RIZZ: What is it with the Tardis and prisons recently? So, anyway, how are we going to get out?

DOCTOR: We start disrupting things, draw that van back into the cell.

CHARLEY: Force them to come in and deal with us, you mean?  
DOCTOR: Yes. Breaking their hold over Tom seems a good way to do that. I have to congratulate you on your television idea.  
KIM: You do?  
DOCTOR: Yes, very clever.  
KIM: Yeah, well, they don't let any old idiot become an astronaut. Not even in the Commonwealth Space Programme. But clever or not, it's done absolutely zip so far.  
CHARLEY: Oh, I don't know. Tom was building a spaceship to Jupiter out of building bricks, and the astronauts had your names.  
KIM: No, I've seen small changes before. The place has a way of resetting itself. Can I have my gun back?  
C'RIZZ: No. I wish you'd stop asking.  
DOCTOR: Give her it back, if it makes her feel better.  
KIM: It's not just to make me feel better, although it does. When we go downstairs, I'm going to show you something.

(It's the snooker, again.)

COMMENTATOR: Oh, and that's a bad miss.  
COMMENTATOR 2: It's not good. You'd expect a player of his quality to knock that in easily. He probably knocks them in for fun all day in practice. Goes to show the pressure these players come under when it gets to this level.  
NAN: Hello, dear. I didn't know you were up there.  
(Energy blast. Thud.)  
KIM: Right, that was on the kill setting.  
C'RIZZ: So she's dead?  
DOCTOR: Was that really necessary?  
KIM: Shh. Watch.  
NAN: Oh, I seem to have had a fall. Can you help me up?  
CHARLEY: Of course.  
NAN: Thank you. I was just about to put the kettle on.  
KIM: See?  
C'RIZZ: Have you done that before?  
KIM: A few times. Sometimes just to vent my frustrations.  
DOCTOR: What?  
KIM: It was an accident the first time. I've been at this for weeks, you know. I do get frustrated.  
DOCTOR: That doesn't exactly engage my sympathy.  
KIM: Well, don't help me for my sake. Help Tom.  
DOCTOR: Why should I? He's in prison. Perhaps there's a good reason.  
CHARLEY: Yes, he might have broken the law.  
C'RIZZ: Killed somebody.  
KIM: No, no, he's utterly benign. I can't believe he'd have done anything.  
DOCTOR: I'm not inclined to like whoever's running this place. I don't agree with their methods, and they've stolen my Tardis without even asking who I am.  
KIM: Well, yeah.  
DOCTOR: But that doesn't automatically put *you* in the right. When we get out, if I discover that Tom should be in their custody, then I will hand him over.  
KIM: But look  
DOCTOR: We cannot go around making unmotivated prison breaks.  
KIM: Okay, okay. At least with your help I suppose I've got a chance of getting him out. Although I wish we'd see some results. Is that  
DOCTOR: Shh.  
KIM: What?  
DOCTOR: Take cover, everyone.  
(Crashing noises.)

### [Part Three]

(Coughing.)

DOCTOR: Is everybody all right?  
KIM: You're the doctor, you tell us.



C'RIZZ: I think I'm okay.  
CHARLEY: I'm fine. Oh, what was that?  
DOCTOR: Something very large landing on the houses across the street.  
CHARLEY: Yes, but what very large something?  
DOCTOR: I shall find out by using my super Time Lord powers of looking out of the window.  
(Blinds raised.)  
DOCTOR: Oh.  
C'RIZZ: What?  
DOCTOR: It's a spaceship.  
KIM: It's the Led.  
C'RIZZ: The what?  
KIM: Our old ship, the Led Zeppelin Four.  
DOCTOR: The Led Zeppelin Four?  
KIM: Er, the series was name after a public vote.  
DOCTOR: There's democracy for you.  
KIM: I was on the Led Zeppelin Two as well, the Phobos mission. That was before they started using Cryo. Wow, it's weird seeing it again.  
CHARLEY: Feeling nostalgic?  
KIM: Er, not remotely, actually.  
DOCTOR: Good. Do you know that nostalgia literally means the pain of memory? You don't want  
KIM: Tom. Tom!  
(Runs outside.)

TOM: Oh, wow. Brilliant!  
KIM: Tom? Tom. You remember the ship, don't you? We were in it for months. We trained in it. We sneaked into it and had that party a week before the launch, and for the whole guidance flight we were finding crisp packets everywhere.  
TOM: Is it a spaceship?  
KIM: It's our spaceship.  
TOM: Girls aren't astronauts.  
KIM: How dare you? What about Eileen Collins, Pamela Ann Melroy? What about me, for God's sakes. Look.  
TOM: Oh, wow. Is that a computer? It's tiny.  
KIM: They're all like this these days.  
KIM [OC]: The odds are that you'll die out there.  
TOM [OC]: Well, I'd rather that that drift on and on and on for ever, and never wake up until  
KIM: Tom, don't you know me?  
TOM: You do look a bit familiar.  
(Walking.)  
TOM: Are you a friend of me Nan's?  
C'RIZZ: How is he?  
KIM: Still nothing.  
DOCTOR: This is excellent, though. If your old ship is here, it's also in his head somewhere. That means his memories are still in there, he just can't get at them.  
CHARLEY: Why don't we put him inside the ship? That might help speed things along.  
TOM: All right, Charley.  
CHARLEY: Tom, do you want to go inside the spaceship?  
TOM: Yeah!  
C'RIZZ: Whoever's running this place, I don't think they're going to like this.  
DOCTOR: Maybe we should placate them before they storm in here with guns.  
KIM: That's probably wise.  
DOCTOR: Could you send them a message with the comms equipment on your ship?  
KIM: Yeah, I've broken into their communications a few times, although I couldn't understand them.  
DOCTOR: Good. We'll stay here with Tom and watch out for the ice-cream van. C'Rizz, why don't you go with Kim?  
C'RIZZ: Oh, okay.

KIM [OC]: Why, don't you trust me?

DOCTOR [OC]: As I told you at length, no, but C'Rizz trusts you even less.  
TOM [OC]: Oh, wow. Are you an alien?  
KIM [OC]: Yes, he is.  
LEST: You see? They definitely weren't there before, were they.  
ARGOT: Before what?  
LEST: Before a little while ago. Were they?  
ARGOT: No.  
DOCTOR [OC]: Now, keep in touch on the comm.  
LEST: So, what do you think?  
ARGOT: Shh. I'm listening to this.  
KIM [OC]: What does it look like?  
DOCTOR [OC]: Tall blue box with a light on top.  
ARGOT: Oh. That sounds like the thing you showed me a moment ago.  
LEST: Yes! That was the Tardis. I told you that when I showed it to you.  
(Sound turned off.)  
ARGOT: Did you?  
LEST: I told you to write that part down. It was important.  
ARGOT: Let me check my notes.  
(Turning of papers.)  
ARGOT: Oh, I did write it down. Oh look, I drew a little sketch as well. I think that's rather good.  
LEST: Not bad. Your perspective's a bit off.  
ARGOT: It's impressionistic. Funny shape for a vehicle, isn't it? Still, that's aliens for you, I suppose.  
LEST: Proof that those people in there weren't created by the Cell.  
ARGOT: How?  
LEST: They say it's theirs. And if it was part of the Cell-scape, I wouldn't have been able to take it off the grid, so they aren't part of the Cell-scape either.  
ARGOT: It must be able to move through the containment barriers somehow. I thought we had defences against that. We should try taking it to bits.  
LEST: Not today, though.  
ARGOT: No. Sometime when we're not so busy. We should bring the captive out of there, protect our interest.  
LEST: From what?  
ARGOT: I should assume that the intruders are the captive's own people come to retrieve him. If we're bringing him out, we may as well perform a rerun too.  
LEST: Bit short notice for that, isn't it?  
ARGOT: The figures show that notice period and regularity make no difference to attendance. We'll bring him out, perform a rerun, and try to contain the interlopers. Can the Cell be subdivided?  
LEST: Why don't you make note of any of this stuff for your own reference?  
ARGOT: That's what I pay you for.  
LEST: Yes. You can put several people in there without them even being aware of each other. In fact, I'd have expected the Cell to have made bubbles for them by now. It's supposed to trap intruders automatically.  
ARGOT: Can't you do that manually?  
LEST: The Cell doesn't work like that. It's got to respond to the captive. If we interfere, it disturbs the verisimilitude.  
ARGOT: Well, once you've brought the captive out, you should establish how they're avoiding absorption and remedy it. And take that box away. I find it garish.  
LEST: Where shall I put it?  
ARGOT: Anywhere. Put it with the pods in the vehicle hangar on your way through.  
(Thumps, then the ice-cream van starts up and drives off with Greensleeves playing.)

(Doorbell. Footsteps. Door opens.)  
NAN: Hello.  
KIM: Hi. We're making a television programme.  
C'RIZZ: Are we?  
KIM: And I'd like to do some filming in your lounge.  
NAN: Oh, how exciting. Come in.  
(Door closes.)

NAN: I'd have tidied up if I'd known you were coming.  
C'RIZZ: Could you just keep out of our way for the moment?  
NAN: If you like.  
(Snooker is on the TV.)  
NAN: I'll make us all some tea.  
KIM: You're quite rude, aren't you.  
C'RIZZ: Well, she's not real. Why should I care if she thinks I'm rude?  
KIM: Do you care if I think you're rude?  
C'RIZZ: Not really.  
KIM: But I'm real.  
C'RIZZ: That doesn't mean I have to like you. So, who's going to do what?  
KIM: You talk, I'll record it. Stand over there.  
C'RIZZ: Why don't we just do this on board your ship?  
KIM: I don't want them to know I have a ship, so it's probably not so smart to send them a video message of you standing inside it. So we're going to record the message on my hand-held, send it out one way with tracer dampenings so they don't know where it came from, and wait at leisure for a reply.  
C'RIZZ: That's not exactly what the Doctor told us to do.  
KIM: Oh, don't be such a girl. Now, smile for the camera and try to look harmless.

CHARLEY: Not very comfy, is it?  
DOCTOR: That's primitive spacecraft for you. I always make armchairs a high priority in the Tardis.  
CHARLEY: Where?  
DOCTOR: In the lounge.  
CHARLEY: What?  
DOCTOR: Have I never shown you the lounge?  
CHARLEY: Anyway. So Tom, can you remember where the cockpit is?  
TOM: No.  
DOCTOR: It should be through here.  
(Bulkhead door opens with a creak.)  
DOCTOR: Ah ha!  
CHARLEY: Ah, that's better.  
TOM: Oh, wow. Look at all these controls. I reckon this lever makes the ship go forwards, and this one makes it go backwards.  
CHARLEY: I suspect it might be a little more complex than that.  
TOM: Yeah, you need two different speeds as well, like light speed and hyper speed. Which is faster, light speed or hyper speed?  
CHARLEY: I've no idea. Doctor?  
DOCTOR: Light speed is constant, hyper speed varies depending upon local factors, mass ratios and how recently you've taken the ship in for a service.  
TOM: You'd think that er. Who fixed the front of the cockpit?  
CHARLEY: What?  
TOM: The front end. It er, that thing came aboard, it smashed the front end it. We sealed off the cockpit? That thing's not still here, is it?  
CHARLEY: No. No, that was a long time ago, but it happened. Are you starting to remember? Is that what you?  
TOM: (coughing) Yes. Tastes like pineapple.  
CHARLEY: Yes! That's what it tastes like. Are you all right?  
TOM: I think so. Not really sure who you are, though, or what's going on.  
DOCTOR: What do you remember?  
TOM: Er, this place, and that thing that attacked us here.  
DOCTOR: Oh. Well, that's progress, isn't it?  
(Roar!)  
DOCTOR: That, on the other hand

KIM: Mind how you go on this ladder. It doesn't feel very steady.  
C'RIZZ: Right. Ow!  
KIM: Sorry.  
C'RIZZ: You did that on purpose.

KIM: Why would I do that?  
C'RIZZ: Because I pronounced your name wrong on the message.  
KIM: How hard is it, though? Kronotska. Kim Kronot

TOM: This way, quick.  
DOCTOR: How long did it take to break out the hold when this happened before?  
TOM: I don't know, I can't remember.  
(The Doctor cries out.)  
CHARLEY: Doctor! Tom, wait! The Doctor  
TOM: I'm sorry, I can't.  
(Roar! Crash of bulkhead.)  
CHARLEY: Tom! Oh, he's locked us in!  
DOCTOR: Mmm. Mechanised deadlock. This might take a while.  
CHARLEY: We don't have a while.  
DOCTOR: I'm acutely aware of that.

(Greensleeves. Footsteps.)  
TOM: That thing, in there. Have to get away.  
LEST: Get away?  
TOM: Yeah.  
LEST: All right, get in.  
TOM: Great. Cheers.  
(Gets into ice-cream van, engine starts.)  
LEST: That was easy.

(Comms alarm.)  
C'RIZZ: Is that them?  
KIM: Either them or the Doctor. Computer, play message.  
ARGOT [OC]: Greetings. Your unauthorised presence  
C'RIZZ: Is that one of them?  
ARGOT [OC]: Within the Cell has been noted, and we are  
C'RIZZ: Weird looking, aren't they?  
KIM: Shush. Just missed a bit.  
ARGOT [OC]: Precautionary measure (fast rewind) Greetings. Your unauthorised presence within the Cell has been noted, and we are considering courses of action. As a precautionary measure we have removed the captive and he is engaged in his duties.  
C'RIZZ: Duties?  
ARGOT [OC]: Wherever you've concealed yourself within the Cell-scape, we advise you not to venture out. The Cell is designed to remain stable and serene, but your meddling with the structure has made it dangerous.  
C'RIZZ: That's interesting. He was speaking English.  
KIM: So he was. He must have learned it from Tom.  
C'RIZZ: You've only just noticed? You're so parochial. We should call the Doctor.

(Comms alarm.)  
DOCTOR: Charley, could you get that?  
CHARLEY: Which pocket is it in?  
DOCTOR: Inside left jacket.  
CHARLEY: Oh. What do I do?  
DOCTOR: Run your finger across the screen. Tell it you want to answer the call.  
(Alarm stops.)  
CHARLEY: Hello? I'd like to answer the call.  
DOCTOR: You could have just said answer. Ah, it never hurts to be specific where machines are concerned.  
KIM [OC]: Hello?  
CHARLEY: Hello. This is Charley.  
KIM [OC]: Where's Tom?  
CHARLEY: He's not with us. We're trying to get away from one of those things that attacked you before.  
KIM [OC]: What things?

(Roar!)

KIM [OC]: Oh, one of those.

CHARLEY: Tom got away, but he locked us in here with it.

KIM [OC]: That's harsh. On purpose?

CHARLEY: Yes. I was looking him in the eyes as he closed the door. I think he was in a bit of a panic, to be fair to him, but still.

KIM [OC]: We just got a message from the Governor of this place, saying that they've removed Tom from the Cell. Something about he's carrying out duties.

CHARLEY: Hmm. Doctor, can you get that door open?

DOCTOR: I can't guarantee it.

CHARLEY: Then I've got an idea. Are you two in Kim's ship?

C'RIZZ [OC]: Yes.

CHARLEY: Better stay there.

(Communication ends.)

DOCTOR: Well?

CHARLEY: Tom's memories were what gave this place its shape, yes?

DOCTOR: Hmm.

CHARLEY: So now that he's gone, what's shaping the Cell?

DOCTOR: Nothing. It'll probably stay like this until another influence acts upon it.

CHARLEY: So, if I turn off my blocking thing you gave me, let the Cell take me over like it tried to before, all this will be replaced by my memories.

DOCTOR: Superb plan. But I should let it take *me* over

CHARLEY: No, you didn't get affected by it as quickly. And I know where it wants to take me, back to my parent's house. If I go along with it and don't fight it, we could get away even faster.

DOCTOR: All right.

CHARLEY: Right. Okay, my blocking thing's off. What else can I do to make it happen quicker?

DOCTOR: Click your heels together and say, there's no place like home.

ARGOT: Have you given him the sedative?

LEST: I think I did.

TOM: Where am I?

LEST: Oh, maybe I didn't.

ARGOT: Hurry up. We're running in thirty three minutes.

LEST: Don't panic, this won't hurt at all.

TOM: I know you. This has all happened before, hasn't it. Over and over  
(Hiss of hypodermic.)

LEST: I'll get him into his pod. Is there much of a crowd yet?

ARGOT: Reasonable, reasonable. I'll start to get them in the mood. Where's my script?

LEST: I don't know. I'm going back inside to deal with the intruders. Can you handle things out here?

ARGOT: Oh, here it is. I don't remember putting it there.

LEST: Did you hear what I just said?

ARGOT: Yes. Just be back here in time to pick up the captive when he lands.

LEST: I won't be long.

(Crowd noises.)

ARGOT [tannoy]: Hello to you all at Falls Promenade.

(Cheers.)

ARGOT [tannoy]: I'm speaking to you from inside our control centre where we're preparing to recreate once more for your viewing pleasure, the arrival of the first ever alien life on our world.

(Cheers.)

ARGOT [OC]: And I'll be talking you through this historic event as it unfolds before your eyes in around thirty minutes time.

KIM: These people are nuts. That's not just me being parochial again, is it?

C'RIZZ: No, you're right. They're deranged.

(Tinny Blue Danube Waltz playing. Door creaks open.)

LOUISA: Richard, do you. Oh, I'm sorry. My husband didn't tell me we had a visitor. May I offer you a drink?

DOCTOR: Drink?

LOUISA: Yes, water, tea, sherry, brandy, port? My husband keeps some very good whisky, though I don't care for it myself. You'd have to refer to him to find out which the good ones are. Is there a reason why you have your hands over your eyes?

DOCTOR: (laughs) It worked!

LOUISA: I'm sorry?

DOCTOR: Oh, nothing. You must be Lady Louisa Pollard. It's charming to meet you at last. I'm the Doctor.

LOUISA: Oh, is my husband unwell? He didn't mention anything to me.

DOCTOR: No, no, just a social visit. I'm sorry I was acting a bit oddly just then. It's just a relief to be safe.

LOUISA: Oh, isn't it just. I've just heard the news on the wireless.

DOCTOR: News?

LOUISA: Yes, the Armistice. I assumed that's what you meant.

DOCTOR: On the wireless. Can't be. The first British radio broadcasts were in 1920, and the Armistice wasn't declared in summer.

LOUISA: I didn't realise peace was out of season. I'm just delighted that my brother will be home soon.

DOCTOR: Your brother?

LOUISA: Yes. A Lieutenant stationed at Ypres. Signed up the day we declared. I should never have guessed he'd go to such lengths to prove a point, but one would hope that two years at the front would be sufficient to convince Father he's a real man.

DOCTOR: Hmm. Two years?

LOUISA: I know. It's hard to believe it's been going on so long, isn't it? And they said it would all be over by Christmas.

DOCTOR: It's 1916?

LOUISA: Well, yes.

DOCTOR: Ah, I see. Charley's created a composite period. A childhood without the war hanging over here. And all the advantages of the 1920s in a peaceful 1910s.

(Door opens.)

CHARLEY: Mama? Have we any ointment?

DOCTOR: Charley!

LOUISA: It seems we may require your professional services after all, Doctor. What have you done now?

CHARLEY: I was climbing a tree and I scraped my arm.

LOUISA: Oh, for heaven's sake, child, it seems as though never a minute passes without you sustaining an injury of some sort or other.

CHARLEY: I was just having fun, Mama.

LOUISA: Other girls are quite capable of having fun quietly and without falling off things. Did you climb all the way to the top?

CHARLEY: The very top.

LOUISA: Well done.

(Knocking on door.)

DOCTOR: Who's that?

LOUISA: Ah, rag and bone man, I expect. I'm not sure we have anything for him this week.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Ah, you. I thought so.

LEST: Hold on. Aren't you

DOCTOR: One of the alien intruders, yes. The Doctor, to be precise.

LEST: The environment's changed in here. Did you do this?

DOCTOR: I see your vehicle has changed as well, to fit the environment. Mine's supposed to do that.

LEST: Don't try and trick me. I'm armed, you know.

DOCTOR: Not today, thank you.

(Door slams shut.)

CHARLEY: That was rather rude, even if he was only a rag and bone man.

DOCTOR: Actually, you're right. I'll open the door again, and you give him this rag and this bone.

(Door opens.)

CHARLEY: Here you go, sir.

LEST: What?

(Thump. Thud.)

DOCTOR: Yes, I know, that was rude too. Don't follow my example. I'll come back for you, Charley, I promise.

(Horse and cart sounds.)

LOUISA: How very singular. What did he mean?

CHARLEY: I don't know.

LOUISA: I worry about your father, you know. He's been associating with the most peculiar types lately.

DOCTOR: Giddy-up!

(Comms alarm.)

C'RIZZ: Doctor?

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes, it's me. I've managed to get out of the Cell.

KIM: How did you pull that off?

DOCTOR [OC]: Stole a horse and cart. I've just emerged into some kind of vehicle bay. Good news. Good news! The Tardis is here.

C'RIZZ: Oh, that's a relief.

DOCTOR [OC]: Kim, the Led Zeppelin escape pods, what did they look like?

KIM: Flying coffins. They were sort of lozenge shape and dark brown. Enough room to sit up but not to stand.

DOCTOR [OC]: Well, there are about a dozen objects matching that description in front of me.

C'RIZZ: Well, that would make sense.

DOCTOR [OC]: Why on Earth would that make sense?

KIM: We just picked up another broadcast from the Governor, only this one didn't seem to be just aimed at us.

C'RIZZ: They're recreating Tom's arrival on the planet. He was the first alien ever to come here. That must be why they keep him in the Cell, so that they can re-stage it.

DOCTOR [OC]: Did they say where this is taking place?

KIM: Somewhere called Falls Promenade.

DOCTOR [OC]: I'll try to find it in the Tardis. Hopefully I can get there ahead of him.

ARGOT [tannoy]: And the alien is just starting to come into view now, through the lower atmosphere, the weather today much as it was on that day all those years ago.

(Crowd oos and cheers.)

ARGOT [tannoy]: A little swerve there by the pilot, as he tries to direct it away from the inhabited areas. The noble instincts of a savage creature, and wonderful to watch.

(Applause.)

ARGOT [tannoy]: Now as the final approach begins, could I remind all spectators to stand well clear of the marked area. This is for your own safety. It only remains for me to thank you all for coming today.

(Nearly drowned out by the whine of the approaching pod.)

ARGOT [tannoy]: And I leave you to enjoy the first contact!

(Cheers! Crash! Applause! Creaking metal.)

TOM: I come in peace. I think I'm gonna be sick.

DOCTOR: Tom, over here.

TOM: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Quickly, get inside. Come on.

ARGOT: This is rather good, yes. Lest, are you in a position to pick up the captive?

LEST [OC]: No. I've been trying to get hold of you.

ARGOT: You know I don't like to be disturbed when I'm commentating.

LEST [OC]: In this case it might have been as well to be less precious. One of the intruders attacked me and stole the transbarrier transport. They've gone!

ARGOT: Oh dear. Oh.

LEST [OC]: What?

ARGOT: Something's happening on the Promenade. It's the intruder's vehicle.

TOM [OC]: I think I'm gonna be sick.

DOCTOR [OC]: Tom, over here.

TOM [OC]: Doctor?

DOCTOR [OC]: Quickly, get inside. Come on.  
(Tardis door closes and it dematerialises. The crowd cheers.)  
ARGOT: Oh dear, he's taken the captive. And the audience don't seem to have noticed the difference, actually.  
LEST [OC]: Which way did the intruder's cart go? Was it heading back here?  
ARGOT: Hard to say. It doesn't actually move. It just sort of fades in and out of existence in different places. Rather clever.  
LEST [OC]: I heard one of the intruders say that he was coming back to pick up the other one. Monitor the Cell and let me know the second the craft shows up.

(Using the Tardis controls.)

DOCTOR: How are you feeling?

TOM: Like I've been beaten up in an alleyway and then fallen down a drain into a brutal psychedelic underworld.

DOCTOR: That happened to me once.

TOM: I'm sorry I left you back

DOCTOR: Don't worry, you weren't in the best frame of mind.

TOM: Where are we going?

DOCTOR: Back to the Cell.

TOM: Oh, do we have to?

DOCTOR: You can stay in here if you like, read a book.

TOM: If that's all right.

DOCTOR: Perfectly. But I have to go out there and find my friends.

(The Tardis materialises.)

DOCTOR: I just hope I've landed somewhere in plain sight this time.

(Birds singing. The Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: All right, that's more

(Scuffle.)

DOCTOR: Ow. What happened?

CHARLEY: Doctor, you're awake. The force of Mawvik's death throes knocked you unconscious. C'Rizz and I dragged you inside the Tardis.

DOCTOR: Mawvik?

C'RIZZ: Yes, Doctor. The evil dictator of Refutu.

DOCTOR: Mawvik? Ah, Mawvik. Of course. Then he's dead?

CHARLEY: It was just as you said. How did you do it?

DOCTOR: Well, I realised that every time he activated one of his clay minions, he was using a little piece of his consciousness.

C'RIZZ: I see. So by getting him to activate a whole army of them

CHARLEY: You weakened his psychic defences.

CHARLEY + C'RIZZ: Doctor, that's brilliant!

DOCTOR: I don't like to say it myself, but yes. Yes, it is.

(Walks to the console and operates controls.)

DOCTOR [OC]: One dictator toppled already today and it's not even lunchtime. So where to now?

ARGOT: Is he settling in?

LEST: Yes. Everything indicates as much.

ARGOT: He seems rather active. I'd prefer it if he was more placid.

LEST: No, you see what he's doing? He, he thinks he's just won. That's what's keeping him happy. And whilst he's in the Cell, he'll have that moment of victory for ever!

#### **[Part Four]**

DOCTOR: There we are, in perfect flight.

CHARLEY: Yes, and look what happened last time.

DOCTOR: That was entirely due to the influence of Mawvik's Doom Triangle.

C'RIZZ: It's funny how evil influences act upon us whenever you're being rubbish at flying the Tardis.



DOCTOR: Whilst we're on our way, I'm going to be doing two things. Firstly I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that.

C'RIZZ: Which won't stop it from being true.

DOCTOR: Second, I'm going to try to fix the warp ellipse cut-out.

CHARLEY: Oh, thank goodness! That's been bothering me for weeks. Or at least I'm sure it would have, if I had a clue what you're talking about.

DOCTOR: Do we have to bicker in front of our guest?

LEST: Oh, don't mind me.

DOCTOR: Don't mind them either, Mister Lest. We'll return you to your home planet in no time at all.

LEST: I'm very grateful to you, Doctor. I honestly thought I'd never escape from a life of servitude to the evil Mawvik. Excuse me, I thought I might go and find something to eat.

DOCTOR: Of course. Help yourself. Kitchen's that way. Two doors down on the left, or somewhere near there.

LEST: Thank you.

(Internal door opens, footsteps, closes.)

DOCTOR: That was rather rude.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Doctor. You never did explain to us how you defeated Mawvik.

C'RIZZ: Yes, tell us.

DOCTOR: Well, I realised that every time he activated one of his clay minions, he was using (Tinny Greensleeves can be heard.)

DOCTOR: Shh.

C'RIZZ: What?

DOCTOR: Did either of you just hear an ice-cream van?

CHARLEY: No.

(It's gone now.)

DOCTOR: Oh, that's a shame. Could have fancied an ice-cream. As I was saying, I realised that every time he activated one of his clay minions, he was using a little piece of his consciousness.

(The ice-cream van is back.)

ARGOT: Ah, Lest. I hadn't expected you back so soon.

LEST: I told you it wouldn't take long. It's settled down quite a bit in there. I think we must have got all of them.

ARGOT: Are you sure? I seem to remember there being more than two of them. I should have made a note of it.

LEST: We'll just have to keep a close watch. The young woman actually features in the Doctor's bubble. I was going to suggest we could try and take her out of her own bubble and put her in with him.

ARGOT: No, don't do that.

LEST: But it'd massively reduce the demand on the processors if they were only dealing with one bubble.

ARGOT: It would make it more difficult for us to individually remove them from the Cell.

LEST: Why would we want to?

ARGOT: The captive must still be in the Doctor's vehicle, but it's locked. We need the Doctor to show us how to open it up.

LEST: Oh.

(Tinny Blue Danube Waltz. Charley is singing along.)

LOUISA: Don't do that, Lottie. I'm trying to listen to this.

CHARLEY: Sorry.

LOUISA: You know, last night your father and I had a discussion about taking another trip abroad.

CHARLEY: To the Continent, Mama, to see Uncle Jacques again?

LOUISA: Well, we considered that initially, but then we thought might enquire of you where you might like to go.

CHARLEY: Really? I can choose?

LOUISA: Anywhere you like.

CHARLEY: Oh! Let's go, let's go to the jungles of India. No, no, wait, I know. I want to walk along the Great Wall of China.

LOUISA: (laughing) If that's what you want, but I think it is meant to be very long.

CHARLEY: Oh, all right then, Egypt! Ah, we could see the pyramids. Oh, and the Sphinx too.  
Can we really go, really?  
LOUISA: Certainly we can go. But only if you're good.  
KIM [OC]: Off the tourist track a bit.  
CHARLEY [OC]: Oh, we go all over. We just don't always know where. The Doctor likes  
LOUISA: Goodness. What on Earth's this?  
CHARLEY [OC]: The Tardis doesn't travel in a linear way. It's a time machine. (static) You don't believe me.  
KIM [OC]: I want to believe you, I really do.  
CHARLEY [OC]: Well, you said this is, what is it, the twenty third century?  
KIM [OC]: Yes.  
CHARLEY [OC]: Do I sound like I'm from the twenty third century? I started travelling with the Doctor in 1930. That was the last time that a date sounded like a date to me. These days dates are like  
LOUISA: Must be some kind of play. I suppose they gave our licence fee to the authors of this nonsense.  
CHARLEY [OC]: Oh yeah, past and future, I've seen it all. Well, I haven't seen it *all*, but I've seen a fairly representative sample.

CHARLEY [OC]: The Doctor and I once spent a day placing wagers on dinosaur fights.  
KIM [OC]: That sounds freaky.  
C'RIZZ: You said you had an idea.  
KIM: Yeah, and this is it.  
C'RIZZ: This is the same as your other idea. I thought you meant you had a new idea.  
KIM: The Doctor said it was a good idea. Did you manage to break in on the footage in his part of the Cell?  
C'RIZZ: Er, yes. He thinks he's in the Tardis with me and Charley.  
KIM: Is there anything we could broadcast into there?  
C'RIZZ: I can't see it jolting the Doctor out in the same way. The Tardis picks up odd broadcasts all the time.  
KIM: You think we're better off working on Charley?  
C'RIZZ: For the moment. Have we got any other recordings of her?  
KIM: I'll keep looking.  
KIM [OC]: I don't really want to go back to work now, even if I could take Tom.

DOCTOR: So by getting him to activate a whole army of them, I weakened his psychic defences.  
CHARLEY + C'RIZZ: Doctor, that's brilliant!  
(Internal door opens.)  
DOCTOR: Ah, Lest. I was going to ask you  
LEST: That's a coincidence. I was going to ask you something.  
(Zap, thud.)  
CHARLEY: What are you doing?  
LEST: Like I said, I'm going to ask him something.  
C'RIZZ: But he's unconscious.  
LEST: Well, I intend to wake him up before I start.  
(Drags the Doctor out, closes the door.)

(The Doctor coughs.)  
LEST: Doctor?  
DOCTOR: Mister Lest. You look somewhat different outside the Cell. What can I do you for?  
ARGOT: The captive is still in your vehicle, is that correct?  
DOCTOR: Vehicle?  
ARGOT: Yes, your Tardis.  
LEST: Over there.  
DOCTOR: Where?  
ARGOT: Is your vision impaired? The blue object right there.  
LEST: He's playing dumb. He knows what we want.  
DOCTOR: If I did, I've forgotten.  
LEST: We found a key in your pocket, but we couldn't get it to work.

DOCTOR: Oh, really? I can't for the life of me think why not.

ARGOT: You must tell us how to open it.

LEST: Yes, you must.

DOCTOR: Why?

ARGOT: What else can we threaten him with?

CHARLEY [OC]: The Doctor and I once spent a day placing wagers on dinosaur fights.

KIM [OC]: Sounds freaky.

CHARLEY [OC]: Oh, it wasn't really. Compared to some of the other things I've seen, it was positively humdrum.

KIM [OC]: That sounds nothing like space travel like I've done it. We just have long stretches of nothing and then for half a second you see something amazing. It's like you get to cut to all the good stuff.

LOUISA: Your father knows more about this contraption than I do. At least he claims as much.

Hopefully he can make it work properly. Are you quite well, child?

CHARLEY: Oh, yes. I just felt like I'd forgotten something.

LOUISA: It would be more correct to say that you felt as *if* you had forgotten something.

CHARLEY: Sorry, Mama.

LOUISA: I despair sometimes. What do they teach you at that school?

CHARLEY: Nothing very interesting.

LOUISA: Hmm? Oh, well I must say that's the impression I've received. One wonders why one bothers to pay for it in the first place.

CHARLEY: Does this mean you're not going to make me go back?

LOUISA: I'm sure I'm capable of educating you to a higher standard myself, but I don't think your father would approve.

CHARLEY: Hmm. When is Father coming home?

LOUISA: Well, we're expecting him home for supper.

CHARLEY: But I'm hungry now.

LOUISA: You mustn't spoil your appetite. Cook's making your favourite, roast pork.

CHARLEY: With all the trimmings?

LOUISA: Yes, with all the trimmings in the world.

CHARLEY: Hmm. But I am hungry now.

LOUISA: Oh, very well. You can go to the kitchen and ask Edith to make you a jam sandwich.

CHARLEY: Thank you, Mama!

LOUISA: But only one slice of bread. And no butter!

DOCTOR: Weakened his psychic defences.

LEST: Ah, at last.

DOCTOR: I remember you.

LEST: In what context?

DOCTOR: I was trying to get you home. Have we landed?

LEST: Not yet.

DOCTOR: Seems to be taking a while. Is something wrong?

CHARLEY: Doctor, over here, quickly. I think something's wrong.

DOCTOR: What?

(The Tardis noise is all wrong.)

DOCTOR: That's definitely not supposed to happen. What happened?

C'RIZZ: We don't know. The instruments started giving off readings and alarms started going.

DOCTOR: What alarm?

C'RIZZ: That one.

(The Cloister Bell.)

CHARLEY: What does it mean?

DOCTOR: You don't make an alarm sound like that if it means something good. I'm afraid we may have to delay your return home a little longer, Mister Lest. I hope you don't mind.

LEST: Oh, don't mind me.

DOCTOR: I would also advise everybody to find something to hold

CHARLEY: Doctor! (scream fades out.)

DOCTOR: Charley!

C'RIZZ: Charley! Will she be all right, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I hope so. We just have to

MAWVIK [OC]: Doctor.

DOCTOR: Oh, no.

C'RIZZ: What?

DOCTOR: I haven't destroyed Mawvik at all. I've merely given him access to the vortex. He's more powerful than ever.

MAWVIK [OC]: And you shall pay for that mistake, but not before your companions.

C'RIZZ: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Hold on! I'll edge my way

(C'Rizz's scream fades away.)

DOCTOR: Lest, are you still there?

LEST: (too calm) Yes, I'm fine. Doctor, how can we open the Tardis door?

DOCTOR: What?

LEST: I said, how can we open the Tardis door?

DOCTOR: We're inside the Tardis already. I don't understand.

LEST: No, sorry, this obviously isn't a good time. I'll ask you again in a minute.

DOCTOR: Have you gone argh!

(The Doctor groans.)

ARGOT: What was it like?

LEST: It was all over quite quickly, actually. Doctor?

DOCTOR: What?

LEST: If you don't tell us how to open the Tardis, the experience you just had will be repeated, and repeated, and repeated. And every time you'll experience it as though it was the first, when you didn't know it was coming.

DOCTOR: Oh, I think I can take it. What made you choose that scenario, out of interest?

ARGOT: We didn't choose it. You did.

LEST: Ordinarily the Cell takes you to somewhere you feel safe. We added the dimension of that safe place being violated.

DOCTOR: Not satisfied with using people's memories as a prison, now you're turning my memories against me.

LEST: What do you mean, memories?

DOCTOR: The Cell, trapping people inside their memories.

LEST: No. The Cell encloses a person in his own imagination. A memory couldn't provide a clear enough image.

DOCTOR: Clearer than a fantasy, surely?

ARGOT: A memory clearer than imagination? That must be how their minds work. Aren't they odd?

DOCTOR: Finding us odd is no justification for any of this. Tom never did anything to you, did he. Not to deserve how you've treated him.

ARGOT: The captive is happy. We've hugely prolonged his life too. He's lucky to have landed here.

DOCTOR: Oh, yes. A hundred years of doing the same things over and over and not even knowing it, all in your captivity.

LEST: He isn't free in your vehicle either.

DOCTOR: But I'm not keeping him in there, you are. If you weren't threatening him, I'd let him out.

LEST: We have to have him back!

ARGOT: He's our livelihood.

DOCTOR: People pay to see him crash into the Promenade.

ARGOT: Substantial amounts, yes.

DOCTOR: Don't they have anything better to do? No, you can't remember Tom's landing, can you. Or at least you don't remember it very well, so you stage it again.

LEST: We recreate the event using detailed schematics drawn up shortly after it happened. But the more times we repeat it, the better we remember. I can picture most of it fairly well.

ARGOT: So can I, yes.

DOCTOR: Wouldn't it be less effort just to watch it on videotape?

ARGOT: He's trying to distract us, Lest. Throw him back in.

DOCTOR: You know what you're doing is wrong, don't you. I can tell.

(Hiss of hypodermic, thud.)

C'RIZZ: They just brought the Doctor back in. They're starting it all over again. Have you found anything else?

KIM: Yeah, this.

C'RIZZ [OC]: What do you make of Kim?

DOCTOR [OC]: I haven't really formed an opinion yet. You?

C'RIZZ: Hmm. Judgmental. And selfish. Coming all this way to save Tom isn't a noble gesture.

KIM: Well?

C'RIZZ: That wasn't what I asked you to look for.

KIM: No, I know. I'm sure you didn't want me to hear it, either.

C'RIZZ: Well, you knew all that already, surely?

KIM: You're unbearable, you know that?

C'RIZZ: You think it's bad for you? When I'm gone, you'll never see me again. But all the time we spend together, I'm absorbing your personality like a sponge. And when you're gone I'll still have to carry you around and hear your shrill, whining

KIM: Well, come on, don't stop now.

C'RIZZ: No. No, wait. Look, when the Cell has more than one person inside, it splits off into bubbles, and each bubble is tailored to the person inside and their desires.

KIM: Yeah. I suppose you'd call that Cell division. (laughs)

C'RIZZ: Yes, shut up. So, what happens when it can't do that, separate the different influences acting upon it.

KIM: I don't see what you're getting at.

C'RIZZ: I think if it tries to get inside *my* head, it'll get quite a bit more than it bargained for.

KIM: Oh God, on top of everything else, you're a schizo.

C'RIZZ: It's not as simple as that.

KIM: Right. That was the answer I was hoping for.

C'RIZZ: Perhaps just for once, the voices can do something for me. Open the doors.

KIM: Wait. I'm coming with you.

(The Cloister Bell tolls.)

LEST: I'd say that this was your last chance, Doctor, but there'll be more, and they'll all be like this.

DOCTOR: What are you talking about?

LEST: Oh, of course. You can't remember. That was the whole point. Silly of me.

DOCTOR: I don't know.

LEST: Never mind. I'll ask again when we get outside.

CHARLEY: Oh, hello. What are you doing here?

C'RIZZ: Charley!

KIM: Don't concentrate on her, concentrate on the Cell.

CHARLEY: Have we met before?

C'RIZZ: Yes, you probably don't remember.

KIM: Shh.

CHARLEY: I was probably too young. My parents are always introducing me to relatives and saying you know such and such, and I don't remember them at all. But if I say so, my parents say I've embarrassed them, so I just pretend. What's that?

KIM: Spaceship.

CHARLEY: Oh. What are you doing? Is it a game? Can I play?

KIM: Yes, it's a game that involves sitting down and being quiet.

CHARLEY: Okay.

DOCTOR: How many times is it now?

ARGOT: Don't tell him, Lest.

LEST: Why not?

ARGOT: It's more disorientating if he doesn't know.

LEST: Good thinking. Doctor, do you realise the strain this is putting on your body?

DOCTOR: Fit as a fiddle.

(Lots of overlapping voices.)

CHARLEY: What's happening?

C'RIZZ: Is something happening? I don't want to open my eyes.

KIM: Yes, don't lose concentration.  
CHARLEY: What are you doing?  
C'RIZZ: I'm letting the Cell get inside my head. It's trying to do what it does with all the others, and shape itself around my desires, but it's trying to please all of them at once.  
KIM: C'Rizz, come away from the wall.  
C'RIZZ: Why?  
KIM: It's bending.  
C'RIZZ: Come on. You're always telling me what you want. Tell it to someone else for a change.  
(Charley starts coughing.)  
KIM: Charley? Are you all right?  
CHARLEY: I'm better. What are you doing?  
C'RIZZ: It doesn't know what to do with me. I think it's shutting down. Should we hold on to something?  
KIM: I'm not sure what. Everything looks like it's melting. Maybe we should all hold hands.  
CHARLEY: It's better than nothing.  
KIM: Thanks.  
LOUISA: Lottie, what are you doing?  
CHARLEY: Mama.  
LOUISA: Who are these two? And why is it such a mess up here? Have you been letting gypsies stay in the attic again?  
CHARLEY: Sorry, Mama. It was super to see you. I hope it's not too long before I see you again.  
LOUISA: Why? Where are you going? Lottie.  
(C'Rizz's voices take over, then -)  
CHARLEY: It's gone quiet. Really quiet. Where are we?  
C'RIZZ: Still inside the Cell. This must be what it really looks like. It's not that big really, is it.  
KIM: Big enough for my ship. I'm glad that's still here, anyway.  
C'RIZZ: Well, it would be. It's real. Nothing else was. I don't see the Doctor. They must have taken him out again.  
CHARLEY: So, are we going to go, or what?  
KIM: Go where?  
CHARLEY: Out the door. Look, it's wide open.

ARGOT: Come on, Doctor. How long does this have to go on for?  
DOCTOR: That was fun. I want another go.  
(Door opens.)  
LEST: Who's that?  
CHARLEY + C'RIZZ + KIM: Doctor.  
DOCTOR: Ah.  
ARGOT: Who are they?  
LEST: The other intruders. I told you there were others.  
ARGOT: How did you escape from the Cell?  
C'RIZZ: It found me a bit hard to please.  
DOCTOR: You beat the Cell? Well done. How did you do it?  
C'RIZZ: I'll explain later.  
LEST: Don't come any closer. I'm armed.  
KIM: So am I.  
ARGOT: We have the Doctor, and we're quite prepared to kill him.  
DOCTOR: I've got Tom, and I'm not prepared to kill him, but can't we all calm down and come to some sort of arrangement?  
CHARLEY: What, you mean hand him over?  
DOCTOR: No. Kim, I think these gentlemen might be interested in that footage you showed me earlier.  
KIM: Which?  
DOCTOR: The footage of Tom, from the black box.  
KIM: Why?  
DOCTOR: Please.  
KIM: All right. Here, cover them.  
C'RIZZ: Right.  
LEST: What's this?

DOCTOR: Just wait.  
KIM: Right, it's ready. Now watch the screen.  
KIM [OC]: Jesus, haven't you got that open yet? Can't you do it any faster?  
LEST: I don't understand.  
DOCTOR: This is a recording of something that happened to Kim and Tom a long time ago.  
ARGOT: Recording?  
DOCTOR: Yes, a visual recording.  
LEST: That's impossible!  
ARGOT: It's a trick.  
DOCTOR: Not at all.  
C'RIZZ: Wait. You mean that with all their technology  
KIM: They never invented video recorders?  
CHARLEY: But they have television, or something like it.  
DOCTOR: I told you, their technology is based on nano-forms. Basically tiny versions of themselves with a small range of specific tasks hard-wired in. But the Lucentrans have weak memories. They can learn systems, but they're not good with specific events. And they made the nano-forms in their own image.  
LEST: Could you not talk about us as if we weren't here?  
DOCTOR: The nano-forms know how to relay an image of what's happening right now, but then that information is immediately lost, hence no form of electronic storage.  
ARGOT: I still don't see the relevance.  
DOCTOR: Sorry, could you spin to the end, Kim? I think they'll be particularly interested in that.  
TOM [OC]: This is a warning to anyone who can pick it up. I can't do anything about this. Sorry, but I'm about to crash into what looks like a populated area. If anyone is killed, I'm really, really sorry. And I hope you can understand what I'm saying.  
ARGOT: First contact! Where did you get this?  
KIM: It was in Tom's escape pod the whole time. Didn't you look at it?  
LEST: We didn't know what it was.  
DOCTOR: You could take a copy. It's not as spectacular as what you've been doing, admittedly.  
CHARLEY: But you could sell the technology, couldn't they? We won't tell anyone you didn't invent it.  
LEST: What do you think, Argot?  
ARGOT: Would I still be able to do my commentary over the top?  
DOCTOR: You could record it over and over, until you got it perfect.  
ARGOT: I think an arrangement can be made, yes.

(Turning pages. Tardis doors open. Footsteps.)

TOM: Oh, there you are. Finally. How did it go?  
DOCTOR: Oh, they wanted me to open the Tardis so they could lock you up again, so they tortured me for a while.  
TOM: What? Really?  
C'RIZZ: Yes, but he didn't give in. That's why you're still here.  
TOM: I feel really bad now. I've just been sitting here reading a book the whole time.  
DOCTOR: What was the book?  
TOM: Tender Is The Night, by F Scott Fitzgerald.  
DOCTOR: That's all right. As long as it was something good.  
KIM: Tom, you remember me now?  
TOM: Hiya, Kim. Looking good.  
KIM: You think? My record company made me have some light plastic surgery (continues underneath-)  
C'RIZZ: Didn't you let them off a little easily?  
DOCTOR: Who, the Lucentrans? You think so?  
C'RIZZ: Well, a bit.  
CHARLEY: What was he supposed to do? We couldn't exactly frogmarch them down to the police station.  
C'RIZZ: I suppose. I saw what they did to you.  
DOCTOR: Revenge is a dish best left to go cold and then thrown in the kitchen bin. Trust a Doctor, prevention is better than cure. The technology I've given them should keep them occupied and out of trouble.  
CHARLEY: That's what I'm more concerned about. Isn't it a bit reckless to go around giving

technology to alien races?

DOCTOR: No more reckless than taking two people back to live anonymous lives in a time and place when they're supposed to be missing presumed dead.

C'RIZZ: Which we are also about to do. Aren't we.

(Indistinct voices on the television.)

KIM: You coming to bed soon, Tom?

TOM: Yeah. You're not supposed to be calling me that. Tom and Kim are supposed to be dead.

KIM: I can't get used to calling you Alex. It doesn't suit you. What are you watching?

TOM: It's called Star-Begotten. It's about what happens when a second sun appears in the sky over Earth.

KIM: Sounds silly.

TOM: No, it's quite good.

(Silence.)

KIM: You don't have to switch it off. Finish watching it, if you like.

TOM: No, it's okay. It's only a repeat.